



Upon the tender Swan Galle they sat down,
They all were of delicate feature,
Each! ch'd of her pretty coat smock, & Gown,
so light it could ever be so ever.
Into the Pond then dabling they went,
So clean that they needed no washing,
But they were all so unluccilly bent,
The Boys they began to be dashing.

If my body should for us say one,
they'd think we were hoding of evils,
And from the sight of us quickly would run,
to the d so many white Devils,
Till put the point on such a merry Pin,
he he go his old ch's' in laughter,
And all fell out, he fell tumbling in,
and sc'd them all out of the water.

The old Man by this time a Noise had heard
and no'e out of bed in a frightful air,
And comes to the door with a Ruddy old B word,
there stood in a posture to fight for,
The Daughters they all came tumbling in,
and after their mother they all blunder,
Who Cry'd aloud, Wretch, O Good Gentlemen,
and thought they were thieves came to plunder.

He no'e by this time the Neighbour had heard,
who came with long Clubs to assist him,
He told them that this story Ringers run up
he did by no means to call them, (Naics,
for they were Cloathed all in their Best,
he saw as they stou'd in their Roundness,
And black B. holleys hung before like a Ruff,
which made them believe they were Boulders.

The Virgins &c Cloaths in the Garden had
and keys of their trunks in their pocket, (left,
To put on the skirts they were sign to make
their Clock &c could not unlock it, (left,
At last sent up these valiant men,
thus Armed with Courage and Mirth;
But took them for spirits, and shut back again,
and swore that the house it was haunted.

As they increased the young man they met,
come in saying that the door was shut, (left,
Who look'd like a Rat with his Claws showing
no longer that way jump'd could not move for
All were ready to see him come in,
and ask'd of him what was the matter,
He told them the story, and where he had been,
which made them laugh into a long fit.

Printed for R. Kell at the Blew-Anchor near Pye-Corner.



THE
Grand Mistake:
OR,
All Men Happy if they Please.

SHEWING,

- I. How Beggars may be as Happy as Kings.
- II. The Sick as Easie as the Sound.
- III. The Barren Woman as Contented as the Fruitful.

By the Author of The Pleasures of a single Life.

VAIN restless Man, Insatiate in Desire,
Why this *Poor* State despise, that *Rich* admire,
Since Heav'n's regard, in spite of Fortunes
(Frowns,

Extends alike to Cottages and Crowns?
What *Real Comforts* are by **KINGS** ingross,
But still the meanest Slave as Great may boast?
If Pow'r and Plenty are the Joys assign'd,
Each **BEGGAR** an Equivolent may find,
And ballance both with a *Contented Mind*.
A *Peaceful Soul* can bless the lowest State,
And turn the very sharpest edge of Fate,
The *Highest Bliss* the greatest Prince can know
is free to ev'ry *Clown* that Toiles below.
Content's the Supreme Blessing of the Mind,
And this, alike, is free to all Mankind.

The *Gaudy Pomp* that does on Monarchs wait,
And makes them seem as Happy as they're Great,
Is nothing but a *Vain External Shew*,
Projected to deceive the common view:
They Rule in Fear, their Slaves with Joy Obey,

Masters, by Servants Magnifie their Pow'r,
And in their Numbers think themselves secure?
Believe the *Useless Grandeur* they Possess,
Makes *Life* more easie and their *Cares* the less:
But by the *Wife* no *Servile Trains* desir'd,
They think themselves most *Safe* when most *Retir'd*.
Shun Noisy Pomp, Abhorring to be Gay,
And place their Happiness a different way.
But the *Proud Man* does in his *Slaves* delight,
And by his *Fawning Crews* attracts our Sight;
But all his Joys are *Dreams*, and when awake
He by Experience finds his **Grand Mistake**.
Alas! The pleasing End is quite destroy'd,
He does but Hire those *Plagues* he would Avoid;
And what in *Vulgar Eyes* denotes him Great,
Is but a *Curse* Intail'd on his Estate,
To disappointment those *Hopes*, those Joys molest,
With which the *Rich* would fain Alone be Blest.
But **PROVIDENCE** that Universal Friend,
That to *All Stations* does its Care extend.
By *Inward Peace* can sooth the meanest State.
Turn to our *Low Condition* and see how we feel.
These Comforts that in Health we seldom feel.

Content! The Labour of the *Ploughman* Crowns,
The *Rich* are more expos'd to Fortunes Frowns;
And do a Thousand Plagues and Torments find
That cannot reach the Peasants Humble Mind.
The Pomp that does on Men of Title wait,
Is not much their Choice as 'tis their Fate.
The things in which we think they Happy are,
Is not the Great Man's Comfort but his Care.
For he, who *Cressus* like, can Riches boast
Sufficient to maintain a Warlike Host,
Would soon be Injur'd and Oppress'd by Stealth
Without an Army to defend his Wealth;
And when thus safe, his Legions but devour
What their proud Master hire them to secure;
Who finds his Income Small, tho' his Bounds Great,
His Troops and Servants eat up his Estate,
They're all contracted Partners in his Store,
For Pay they *Cringe*, *Fight*, *Flatter* and *Adore*;
And if their Ruler fails to use 'em well,
What makes them Serve, will tempt them to Rebel;
Thus the Great Man is mis'rably Missed,
Who thinks by Servants to be Happy made,
Num'rous Attendance but Invade our Peace,
Vex us with Faults, and Triumph o'er our Ease:
Content depends not upon Humane Aid,
But is from Heav'n, by secret means, convey'd.
'Tis a kind Ray of the Eternal Love,
That has its Object no where but Above.
God is the only Fountain Good Men find,
Of all the Joys that truly Bless the Mind.

But still, perhaps, you may Object and say,
The Mighty Prince that does an Army Sway,
Is Blest above those Legions that Obey.

The Figure that he makes, proclaims him so,
He rides aloft, the other cringe Below.

These would be powerful Arguments, 'tis true,
Did Happiness consist in outward shew;
But since we all, but Just Experience, find
Content is only seated in the Mind,
We must not Judge from his External State,
That therefore he's more Happy, but more Great:
Tho' he commands, rewards, dislikes, approves,
And Glittering Pomp surrounds him as he moves,
Fears, Cares, and Sorrows may his Mind Depress,
Beneath the Standard of *Terrestrial Happiness*.
The Ambitious Eagle often takes delight,
To Soar beyond the reach of *Humane Sights*;
Yet Providence the like regard does show,
To each small Bird that Chirping sits below;
So *Mercenary Slaves* that Fight for Pay,
Conquer for Plunder, and for Bread Obey.
Possess those Blessings to the Great unknown,
That make their Painfulst Lives go smoothly down:
Kings are but joyful when their Arms succeed.

Thus Providence keeps all things in a poise,
All Stations have their Fears, their Cares and Joy,
But then say you much happier are the Host,
That won the Field, than those the Battle lost.

A Gross Mistake; the Slain to rest are fled,
No Perturbations can afflict the Dead.
The Wounded boast the Honour of their Scars,
Pleas'd they've surviv'd the dangers of the Wars,
And make their Joy for their Escape as great
As their glad Foes who gave them a Defeat;
Whilst those Unhurt, enjoy as well as they,
That they have sav'd their Limbs, tho' lost the Day.

The Greedy Victors, when the Battle's done,
Disdain what they with so much hazard won.
And are as much concern'd as those they beat,
Because their Vict'ry was not more complete:
The Miser-like, that pines amidst his Store,
Th' enjoy not what they have for craving more;
Tho' Prosperous, yet they make their Blessings less,
By their Pride, Avarice, and Unthankfulness.
Whilst those beneath an Adverse Fortune find,
Some Heav'nly Impulse that delights the Mind;
And yields their Abject State that Peaceful Joy,
Which Pow'r cannot command, or Riches Buy.
Much care attends where e'er much Wealth is sent,
But in the Rural Cell dwells sweet Content;
Many possess too much to be at Rest,
But no Man has too little to be Blest.
The *Grecian* Gen'ral, who the World subdu'd,
With Greedy Eyes its narrow Confines view'd,
Thought the whole Universe a Prize too small,
And wept he could not Conquer more than All:
Whilst the poor Cinick, from the World exempt,
Gaz'd on the Monarchs Greatness with Contempt;
Scold'd at his Pride, tho' to a Tub confin'd,
And with Content enrich'd his Nobler Mind.
Nero upon the Throne found little Rest,
Whilst *Epicurus* in his Hut was blest.
Pleas'd with his Lamp, he Coveted no more,
But was in Mind (tho' in Condition Poor)
Rich without Wealth, and Safe without a Door.
Thus *Lazarus* may in *Abraham's* Bosom dwell,
When the Rich Glutton feels the Pangs of Hell.
Power and Wealth Charm the mistaken Breast,
Who thinks those two can Lull the Mind to rest;
Tow'rd's those we look with an Ambitious Eye,
At these Deceitful Lures the Vulgar fly;
Believing, if so Blest, they cannot chuse,
But find that happy Peace the Soul pursues;
Yet when alas! they're painfully aspir'd,
To th' Lofty Station they so much desir'd,
They find their Pleasures still perplex'd with Pain
And by Experience prove their hopes but vain;
Wanting the Heav'nly Guide they lose their way,
And from the Happy Path they look for stray:
Thus move dissatisfy'd from Sphere to Sphere,

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these Disappointments make Mankind aspire,
 When their aim's lost they think the Mark still higher;
 It yet as we to lofty Stations soar,
 We find our selves as distant as before.
 The Ambitious Eagle mounts at Noon,
 In her strong Pinions to o'ertake the Sun;
 At length finding she no Ground can gain,
 And that her painful Flight is but in vain,
 She perches on some lofty Rock or Beech,
 And views with wonder what she could not reach.

Ambition doth the Eye of Reason Blind,
 And is the Grand Disturber of the Mind;
 It spurs us forward to be still more Great,
 But with fresh views disquiets ev'ry State;
 All Men are born upon her Restless Wings,
 Kings would fain be Lords, and Lords be Kings.
 Kings not contented with the Pow'r they've got,
 Will struggle to be Greater than they ought:
 Hazard their Crowns to compass what they crave,
 And by Successful Force the World Enslave;
 Yet when they've waded thro' whole Seas of Blood,
 To gain the Vicious end they long pursu'd;
 Arriv'd and tir'd, they give their Conquests o'er,
 And find themselves less Happy than before.
 For what we stile their Glory's but their Guilt,
 And Conscience blushes at the Blood they've spilt;
 Thus all the Fading Lawrels they have won,
 Are stain'd and mottl'd with the Ills they've done.
 Besides, —————

Tho' their Power's great, and their Dominions large,
 The greater is their care, the more their charge;
 For none such Arbitrary Sway can boast,
 But still has Plagues proportion'd to his Post;
 The Highest Monarch that supports a Crown,
 Teas'd with the Troubles that attends a Throne,
 Must think his Subjects Ease Superiour to his own.
 Thus he that Governs will confess, and say,
'Tis harder much to Rule, than to Obey.
 The Servile Crowd submit with equal pain,
 And think their Rulers are the Happy Men;
 Thus for each other they the Cause decide,
 Both are Deceiv'd, and both Dissatisfy'd.
 But would they think their Stations Heav'n's Decree,
 And make their Fortunes and their Choice agree,
 Both by Content might charm their Minds to Rest,
 And in their several Spheres alike be Blest;
 But if both covet more than they enjoy,
 Both do alike their Happiness destroy.
 What tho' we're Destin'd to an Humble State,
 Must we be Curs'd, because we can't be Great?
 Must we lament for want of Riches? No,
 From Folly, not from Fate, we Wretched grow;
 'Tis nothing but our Pride that makes us low.
 Why do we then at our mean Fortunes pine,
 Content is not Terrestrial, but Divine.
 Kings to their Sorrow, may their Wealth employ,
 Whilst Beggars may receive an Alms with Joy:
 Comfort from Earth our Bodies only find,

States Contemplation is the Fare it needs,
 And true Content the Offspring that it breeds.

From outward Objects that deceive the Eyes,
 Mistakes of our Felicities arise,
 Who thinks another's Happiness is shown
 In Vain External Pomp, confounds his own.
 Suppose the Slave compares his Humble State
 To his who is Profusely Rich and Great;
 He finds the External Difference is large,
 But is quite thoughtless of his care and charge.
 Harbours from thence, this Notion in his Breast,
 That t'other's Happy, and himself Unblest.
 Mistaken Fool! His very care to keep
 His large Possessions, oft disturbs his Sleep:
 His Labours to Improve, Repair, to Let,
 And Arms himself against the World's Deceit;
 Sign Leases, Dun, Sue, Cavil and Receive,
 Are equal to the Pains thou tak'st to Live;
 Neglects of Servants does his Peace molest,
 And Dreams of Robbing interrupt his Rest:
 Whilst Rural Clowns by Providence are freed
 From all the Fears and Cares that Riches breed;
 Few Dangers do they dread, few Sorrows know,
 But reap with Joy, the Fertile Lands they sow,
 When Hungry, to some Neighbouring Hedge repair,
 And from their Bags refresh with Wholesome Fare;
 When their Works o'er, feed heartily at Night,
 And hug their Leathern Bottles with Delight.
 When Drowsie, to their Cock Lofts they ascend,
 Between courle Hemp, their weary Limbs extend:
 With Peaceful Minds their sleepy Eyes they close,
 Have nothing to disturb their sweet Repose,
 But truly relish all kind Providence bestows.
 Thus may poor Slaves be happy if they please,
 Tho' the Limbs toil, the Mind may be at ease.

But how (say you) can those that Sickness feel,
 Pertake of equal Comforts with the Well;
 Pain must the Body Wrack, and Mind Confound,
 And make the Sick less Happy than the Sound;
 'Tis all Mistake; in this we grossly err,
 And Judge but as things outwardly appear.
 Tho' the Weak Body Languid looks and Pale,
 The Mind may still be Permanent and Hail;
 And please the Body with a Transient View;
 Of Blessings which in Health it never knew.
 Sweet Contemplation does to Sickmen show,
 The Vanity of all our Joys below;
 Lifts up our Thoughts to that All-giving Pow'r,
 That yields us Comfort in the Painfulst Hour;
 Delights the busie Soul's Extensive Sight,
 With pleasing Glances of Eternal Light;
 Weans us from Worldly Pleasure, by degrees,
 And by Repentance sets the Mind at ease;
 Gives us assurance of a Happy State,
 And makes us with a smile Embrace our Fate.
 These are the Blessings which the Sick obtain,
 From Heav'n's kind Hand t' extenuate their Pain;
 Who when we're most Distress'd, does oft reveal
 These Comforts, that in Health we seldom feel.